ISSUE 21

WRESTLING THEN & NOW

10-91

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POTSHOTS THEN AND NOW

by Bill Kunkel

I've been doing what the sheet community calls my "toons" for almost four years now. For the record, my first effort was published in "Wrestling Forum", then "Matwatch" and "The Torch" -- which has been my homebase ever since. In 1988, Arnie Katz and I began **ANGLE**, which lasted **10** issues. Arnie and I desktop published the first two issues (in which there were **NO** cartoons) after which I took over sole editorship and hand-produced the next **8** issues.

For my first appearance in **WT+N**, I've collected some of my cheaper shots from the early **ANGLES** and have added a pair of "Now" toons dealing with P.N. News & Lex Luger. Enjoy!

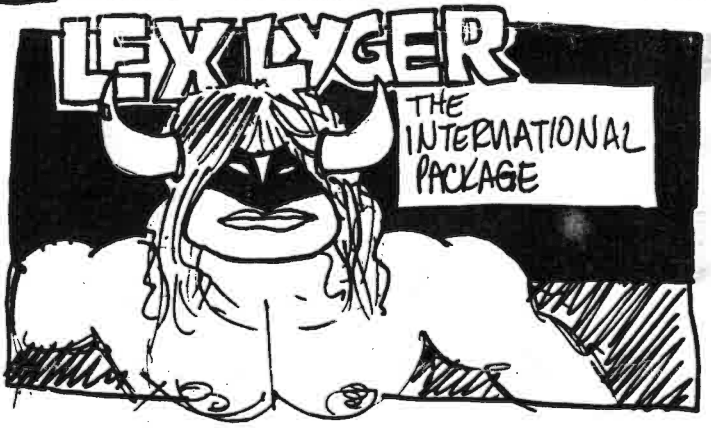
Bill

P.S. The Zeus toon is my favorite from that period... though the dusty movie ad also worked pretty well.

By the way, the **Angle** mailing list was never larger than 50, since keeping a mailing list was too much hassle, so very few people have seen these.

POTSHOT GOES IN SEARCH OF THE SECRET OF MISSY HYATT'S SUCCESS...
I'M CLOSE-- I CAN SENSE IT!
POTSHOT
ULTRESS LIGHTEST PLATINUM BLONDE #15

POTSHOT'S SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW LEX GIMMICK:



*FORGET THIS LAST ONE - LEX WOULD NEVER SELL!

LETTERS TO WT&N

OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN BOTH LETTERS TO WT&N AND ALL COLUMNS ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE SHARED BY THE EDITOR.

I am enclosing an Associated Press article on wrestler Frank Schroll. He was my uncle. I would be interested in any other information on my uncle that you or your readers might be able to furnish.

I read about your zine in Factsheet Five and also in Joe Bob Briggs' "We Are The Weird."

I am enclosing acheck for 6 upcoming issues so that I might learn more about my uncle.

Thanks for your help.

MARION J. SCHROLL
PO BOX 1
TOPEKA, KS. 66601

(EDITOR'S NOTE: All you detectives and historians please try and help Marion to learn more about her colorful "roots!" Meanwhile, I'll reprint the piece on her uncle in a future issue of WT&N- E.G.).

Received your latests missive, as well as your enclosed school newsletter which is much appreciated. Especially enjoy the stories by the students. Poignant. Thank you for your kindness in including me in this mailing.

Think the music column idea in WT&N is interesting and valid. Yeah, George Clinton was in Toronto a while ago. Got good reception by media and fans. Not into it and if you believe it just now understanding James Brown. Believe you like rap. Might like Consolidated (very underground and very left-wing political), an American group, and their new album, Friendly Fascism. Don't know where you could purchase it unless you know a record store that sells left-wing rabble-rousing meassages of hope and doom. Used to be into those village idiots the Glimmer Twins/Rolling Stones but have graduated to Dylan, Doors, Public Enemy and spoken word, as in people like Howard Zin, Noam Chomsky and Jello Biafra.

Video recommendation: Crimes of Passion for Anthony Perkins' over the top performance. Suppose you've seen John Carpenter's They Live, but if you haven't, please do (Also Medium Cool (1969).

Moved by your comments in Issue #18 regarding certain people no longer with us. Still saddened by the departure of Yukon Eric, Whipper Billy Watson, Lord Athol Layton, and Pat O'Conner, among others. Of course there are other people/personalities I grieve for. Screen star Thelma Todd held onto her dignity and was murdered in 1935 by Lucky Luciano who was aided by a corrupt district attorney. Then there's the injustice and cruelty brought to the movie star Frances Farmer (see movie on video with Jessica Lange called Frances, or her biography). She was brilliant, sensitive and a political activist at the wrong time. She was screwed over by her then boyfriend, playwright Clifford Odets. She was blighted by an unstable, weird mother who gave her up to a foul and fetid psychiatric system where she was incarcerated in a state sanitarium. There, she was tortured emotionally and physically including almost daily gang rapes by such outstanding citizens as the military who would pay $10 for such a privilege. She wouldn't submit to mind control and subsequently Frances was unbelievably given a lobotomy. Sickening. The culprits, those who survive, still walk free. It happens in Canada. A lawsuit is pending against the CIA, the late Dr. Cameron and the Canadian Government for Cameron's mind-altering LSD sleep deprivation and sleep induced experiments on unsuspecting victims. One weekend a woman went to the hospital to recover from post-partum depression. A few months later she emerged and didn't recognize her children and her husband. Still doesn't.

→

Injustice...those we hold dear having passed from our sight but not our memory...

When I'm not involved with the lovely Jeanette and family, I try to learn, usually thru books, newspapers, magazines, tv, video, movies and alternative radio. Some of the stuff is political. Anyway, in the Talmud it says one of the responsibilities of being a Jew is to continue to study and learn.

Are you at all involved politically? If not, no harsh judgement made by the peanut gallery. Still anguished by what has/is happening in El Salvador, Guatemala, Nigaracua and Chile. The utter waste of innocent lives of the campesinos and Indians. But me, I drift, back to Missy Hyatt and those great hooters (Editor's note: Betsey Anderson's going to kill me when she reads that comment! E.G.) and hot moves by Cactus Jack, Jushing Liger and the stars of my childhood..."Back again/Back again/Time against flight/Make me a child again/Just for tonight.

Subscribe to Rodney Leighton's Reflector. Wasn't aware of any arguments between you and he until I read it in his publication. Supposedly in the next issue he'll be publishing something related to your "conflict." Hope all is well and everything stays bloodless.

Really enjoy Vic Stanley's work. Thought his piece on Robert Heenan was excellent, very funny. Also enjoyed Fishman's lament over his marital break-up. My wife can't understand my affinity for wrestling. In fact she becomes seriously ballistic and her fury over this matter is only equalled when I pull out the writings of Charles Bukowski or do an imitation of Mickey Rourke doing Bukowski from the movie Barfly.

Jello Biafra concert great which leads me to this: Jello Biafra mentioned Ben Bagdikian's 1981 book, The Media Monopoly. Ben Bagdikian is Dean of Journalism at the University of California. In this first edition he pointed out that 80% of all mass media including newspapers, radio, television, video, school textbooks, records, movies and books are concentrated in the hands of 40 global corporations. These corporations are all headed by white arch conservative males. The second edition of the book came out in 1986. Most of the media was now controlled by 20 corporations. A 1991 edition of The Media Monopoly is about to be released. It will be revealed that the media is now controlled by 8 global corporations. These people will control what is said in the news, entertainments, sports and influence what will be taught in schools, as well as what to buy. Reason I mention this, thought of Vince McAwful Junior and Titan. Junior started taking over wresting in the early 1980's (say '82-83) and now has something of a monoply in the USA and Canada. It's no accident that egregious Sport's Illustrated article on McAwful was favorable. Both McMahon and Reekporter are cut from the same corporate cloth. "We" fought the Gulf War for oil, Exxon, General Electric and it turns out, in a round about way, Titan. We were also supposedly fighting for democracy. Thought democracy denoted equal particpation. How come so few have so much and influence and control so much? How come Junior?

In closing, finally met Vince McMahon Junior. Saw him on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City outside of Trop World. Junior was on his knees with his lips against the cracks in the wood talking to the rabbit people. I screamed at him:"McMahon you're a freakin' fascist krypto nazi corporate cannibal!" Startled, Junior looked up, but not at my eyes. He moved quickly for the 357 magnum tucked into the waistband of his white track suit. He shot me twice right thru my heart. I fell dead. Next thing I know I'm in a shallow grave of mud and toxic waste in some New Jersey swamp. Rene Goulet and Pat Patterson are girlishly laughing about a night in 1978 at some place called Plato's Retreat in New York City. McMahon is laughing so hard he's peeing in his pants. He stops. Gets out his compact with a mirror. Begins to plaster his hair back into place. He stops. Junior starts yelling "I can't see my reflection! I can't see my reflection!" I was at peace...

Be well little Caboose...

LIONEL RUMM
THORNHILL, ONT.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Does Lionel sound like an interesting guy or what!?)

wt and now interview with Madusa
By Dr. Mike Lano

MI: Madusa, would like to know why you are only using your first name now.
M: Well, Mike-since my wrestling in Japan blessed me with added careers in music, music videos, tv and movies- I want to join the ranks with Cher, Madonna, Tiffany and the other entertainers who only use a singular name. When I'm in Japan or in rings in the states- just call me MADUSA! But when I'm at home in Eagan, I try to be myself. Even my dad and mom call me Madusa now.

What is up for you lately?
M: After finally getting out of my contract with former manager Paul Moe, I have signed an exciting 5 year contract with one of the biggest Entertainment Companies of Japan- Nitto and I will be starting filming on several movies shortly. I've been trying to appear on LPWA and many local cards here in the United States to show them what great wrestling is all about, and I'm looking forward to seeing everyone at Joel Goodhart's shows in Philadelphia where I'll be meeting Luna Vachon in hair vs hair matches. She and I have never met, and many are saying it's a dream match-up. I'd love to try to get Chigusa(Nagoya-Japan's greatest women wrestler ever) out of retirement and into some matches here and back in Japan and get a great feud going. That may be hard now that I've signed to work for JWP, the opposing promotion to Chigusa's in Japan, but not in the States here. Actually Chigusa might then be able to team up with former JBAngel Yamazaki. But I'm very excited, and readying myself for Miss A's tough kicks and you all know, as Aja Kong knows, I can kick hard as well. I just got thru with a very exciting series of matches in Germany with former WWF Ladies champion, Wendy Richter. After the 2nd match, Wendy said that was her greatest match ever. And many of you have said the two Madusa-Aja boxing matches were some of the most brutal you've ever seen. I try to bring some of that ferociousness to LPWA, and I, like you, wish Joe Pedicino all the luck in the world with Global. It will be good for everyone.

Do you enjoy wrestling's history?
M: I sure do. I love all the oldtimer's since they were the backbone and the class of this sport. Japan, England and Austria revere their older wrestling stars. Promoter Goodhart and others who promote oldtimer's battle royals or give work to Tolos, Brower, Killer Kowalski- that's special and important. And they are dear people- I promise to try to attend next year's Cauliflower Alley Banquet since you told me all my favorites were there. Terry Funk, Tolos, Thesz, Sam Muchnick, Tex McKenzie, Shibuya, Tanaka-God, it sounds great. Some of wrestling's historians now also love the old days like Jim Cornette, Joe Pedicino, Jerry Lawler- they are great appreciators of the old circuit days. Seems like the circuits and independents are coming back in full force. And that only means more work for true women's wrestler's like myself. Millie Burke, Cora Combs, Moolah, Peggy Banner- these were our legends - I hope they are appreciated as much as Thesz, the Funks and others. Tell all your readers hello- and I want to see them all at my shows in Philly!

BLASSIE IRED OVER PEP GOMEZ' CHARGE

While Gomez has now completely recovered, decision as to future matches for Blassie at the auditorium awaits the finding of President Endo.

The controversial Blassie says: "I still say The Little Mouse", as Blassie contemptuously refers to the compact wrestler, "moved. Otherwise he would not have been hurt."

Meanwhile two of the greatest matches of the season are on tap tonight as Brazil challenges Austin for the World Title, and Blassie grudges it out with Pedro Morales.

Morales was steadying the ladder the night Blassie leaped onto Gomez, and he immediately assaulted Blassie for what he says was a wanton and deliberate attempt by Blassie to hurt his pal, Gomez. He demanded he be matched with Blassie, and the action tonight should be hot and heavy.

Brazil believes that with "the no disqualification" rule waived he has better than an equal chance to destroy Austin, but the latter, forcing Brazil to not use his "Koko" butt tonight says that Bobo is at his mercy. Bobo says he doesn't need the "Koko" butt; he has a new equalizer for Buddy-Boy.

Wrestling- Then & Now is published monthly and is Copyright 1991 by Evan Ginzburg. Subscriptions are $15/Yr and $7.50/6 months. Single sample issues are $1.25. All back issues are available at $1.25 issue. Overseas add $1 per issue and make all payments in U.S. funds. All checks should be made to Evan Ginzburg.

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CHRIS CRUISE

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MADUSA MICELI
Milan, Italy

Born in Milan, Italy, Madusa Miceli arrived in the United States just after her first birthday. As an adult, she has no regrets about not growing up in her homeland. She may have been labeled a "misfit" in Italy because of her desire to participate in athletics. In grade school her career as an athlete began. She entered every track and swim meet held.

Having never lost this competitive edge, Madusa went on to win top honors in District and State Competition in the 440 yd. and 880 yd. dash and set a record in the high jump event of 4'11" during her High School years in the United States. Her other love was gymnastics. She attained first place honors in the All Around Division while competing at the District level. In addition, Madusa was instrumental in the formation of a controversial but successful women's football and wrestling team. It was in wrestling that her interests expanded to include martial arts. Madusa is now and has always been an advocate of self-defense training for all women.

With an intense desire to broaden her horizons in self-protection, Madusa excelled in the art of Karate. Here she received instructions from a World-Class Black Belt expert who predicts that it won't be long before Madusa also acquires her Black Belt which is the highest ranking in expertise of the martial arts.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1991

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE? DICK THE BRUISER

As A Pro Wrestler, Bruiser Really Good At Being 'Bad'

By Keith Schildroth
Post-Dispatch Special Correspondent

(EDITOR'S NOTE: FOR ORIGINAL CLIPPINGS ON THE BRUISER-KARRAS FEUD SEE PAGE 7 OF THIS ISSUE!!!)

Richard Afflis recently made the rounds on the county fair circuit in Indiana, climbing out of the back seat of a black limousine and into a wrestling ring.

Fairgoers saw the 62-year-old man toss his opponent around the ring, climb back into the limo and ride off to the next stop.

Afflis doesn't need the money. He wrestles because he enjoys it; he wrestles when and where he wants.

In his prime in the mid-1960s, Afflis made $100,000 a year. He gained popularity wrestling in St. Louis under the name he uses today — Dick the Bruiser.

Bruiser has wrestled in every major city in the United States. But St. Louis — where the World Wrestling Federation will stage "Wrestlefest" on Sunday night in Busch Stadium — remains his favorite.

"I enjoyed the fans in St. Louis and wrestling at Kiel Auditorium and at The Arena," said Bruiser, who is not involved in Sunday's show. "What I liked about St. Louis the most was the promoter, Sam Muchnick.

"Sam always gave you what he promised you. He said if you beat this guy or that guy, you will get this much money and he always kept his word. Sam gave you the exact count of the house and the right cut of the gate. I got a kick out of how if he promised you $2,050.34 and he would have the 34 cents in the envelope for you."

The Muchnick-Bruiser relationship wasn't always good. Muchnick suspended and fined Bruiser many times in the early years of his career. Bruiser would get in trouble for roughing up his opponents inside and outside the ring.

"I wasn't as mature back then like I am now," Bruiser said. "I did a lot of crazy things back then, but I'm the same guy as I was when I started. I think I'm just a little smarter."

Bruiser, who started lifting weights as a teen-ager, was more interested in judo and weightlifting than football. Still, he was an All-State guard at Jefferson High in Indianapolis in 1947. He played one season at Purdue and was named to the All-Big Ten team before leaving for the University of Nevada.

"One day, I picked up my helmet and hit the line coach over the head with it, breaking my scholarship," Bruiser said in a Sport magazine interview.

The Reno campus was just the place for a wrestler of the future to gain some experience. When not playing football, Bruiser was a bouncer at Harold's Club.

"The suckers would get boozed up or angry at some woman, or blow a bundle on a game which they figured was rigged . . . and I had to help them to the door," Bruiser said. "I liked bouncing. I lasted until I hurt too many stiffs. After a while, Harold had so many lawsuits hanging over his head, he suggested I cut out."

The Green Bay Packers, looking for tough men who could play on both sides of the line, signed him to play in 1951. Bruiser was no star, but he was a good, consistent player. His Green Bay teammates nicknamed him "Bruiser" for his style. A blow to the Adam's apple gave him his raspy, rough voice.

Bruiser left football in the mid-'50s for wrestling "to make a better buck." With his rough tactics and reputation of annoying fans, he was a natural as the villain. He would tear down signs, break pens of autograph seekers and cause crowd disturbances.

He is blamed for starting a riot at Madison Square Garden in the 1950s. About 300 fans and 30 police officers were injured, and one officer suffered a broken back. Bruiser was suspended and sued.

In 1963, he couldn't wait to get at Detroit Lions tackle Alex Karras before an exhibition match at Olympia Stadium in Detroit. The two met at a bar the night before the match and fought. A quarrel concerning Bruiser's football career started the fight, and it took eight police officers to hold Bruiser back.

Bruiser wrestled in front of many sellout crowds at Kiel. His top opponents were Lou Thesz, Fritz Von Erich, Cowboy Bob Ellis, Johnny Valentine and Pat O'Connor.

Many fans remember Bruiser from his performances on "Wrestling at the Chase," a popular TV show that aired live from the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel.

"Dick was one of the favorites and one that people will always remember," promoter Larry Matysik said. At the Chase, "the ring was surrounded by tables, and you could order food and drinks during the card. Dick would always get a beer from somebody and pour it over his head after the match and run out into the lobby."

During the late 1960s, Bruiser started to wrestle other "bad guys," and his popularity increased. A match with Black Jack Lanza gained national attention and helped turn him into a fan favorite.

The character switch was not planned, Bruiser said.

"I've always wrestled the same way. I didn't change," he said. "I think the [fans] changed in the mid-'60s. They started to follow me and like me. I don't know if they were tired of the way the country was going or what."

Dick the Bruiser last wrestled here in 1989 and was a special referee at a World Championship Wrestling event at The Arena two weeks ago.

Bruiser and his fourth wife, Louise, own several condos in the St. Petersburg-Clearwater, Fla., area. He promotes wrestling for radio stations around the Midwest and has an endorsement contract with Flambeau Products, a steel company in Ohio that produces mail boxes and tool boxes. He is promoting a line of "Bruiser" tool and mail boxes.

Bruiser's 6-foot-1, 250-pound body has changed over the years. He continues to lift weights daily, but his beer-drinking ritual after matches has ceased.

"I'll still drink a six-pack or so a week and even a bottle of champagne once in a while, but I'm watching my weight these days," Bruiser said.

Wrestling more than 300 matches a year, since he started his career has taken its toll on his body. He has had more than 300 stitches in his head, numerous teeth knocked out and many broken bones.

THE BRUISER FILE

- Real Name: Richard "Dick" Afflis.
- Born: June 27, 1929 in Lafayette, Ind.
- College: Attended Purdue in 1947 on a football scholarship and was named to the All-Big Ten Conference team. Transferred to Nevada late that year and finished his college football career there.
- Football: Played offensive guard and defensive tackle for the Green Bay Packers from 1951-54.
- Wrestling: Started his career in 1955 and still wrestles today in the Midwest and does promotional work for the sport.
- Residence: Lives in Indianapolis during the summer and in the St. Petersburg, Fla., area in the winter.

Wrestling has changed since Bruiser started, when there were no flashy costumes or Hollywood gimmicks.

"I think the wrestling is basically the same, the wrestlers are just different," Bruiser said. "Back before the war, you had guys like Gorgeous George that were real flashy, and then it all changed. Wrestling works in cycles. . . . Now they're into costumes and all that crazy stuff."

"GREAT" MOMENTS IN WRESTLING FANDOM
BY: EVAN GINZBURG

Wrestling fans, like the general public at large, fit into every imaginable social category. Many are brilliant people with diverse interests and exciting lifestyles. Others are your "average" hard-working people struggling as most of us do, to get by. Some, however, are unquestionably from an alternate reality or possibly even a galaxy far, far away.

Keeping group 3 in mind, here are some "great" moments in wrestling fandom.

I'll never forget coming out of Madison Square Garden after cards in the mid-70's. Beefy wrestler-wannabees would enthusiastically practice holds on each other outside the arena. The only problem was that their piledrivers, back-drops and other awkwardly performed moves were done without the benefit of a soft cushy mat. In fact, heads pounded against concrete, teeth shook loose, blood spilled, and these brain-injured bozos laughed the whole way through. Sometimes their "bouts" were better than Baron Scicluna's openers, but they never went home unscathed. Who knows, maybe some of them are wrestling professionally today?

Another scene etched in my memory, occured at a NYC hotel where some of the wrestlers were staying. A teen asked Tony Atlas for an autograph. Atlas, seemingly sincere, said "I'll sign for you after I have some soup." The poor misguided youth, taking this as a personal rejection, pointed to his groin and exclaimed, "Why don't you have a cup of soup with my b_ _ _ s in it?" Tony did a classic double-take, and a second later the comment sunk in. Mr. USA took two hostile steps toward the youngster, who instead of fleeing for dear life, shocked the muscular star by doing his best Ali imitation. "C'mon. C'mon. I'll whupp you!" he shouted as he shadowboxed poor befuddled Tony. Atlas, shaking his head in disbelief at this surreal scene, promptly turned around and headed into the hotel. I always wondered what was going through his mind as he downed that hot bowl.

Another poignant scene took place at a hotel in Baltimore following an NWA card. Freebird Michael Hayes, after signing autographs for all who wanted them, went into the men's room. While on the bowl, no less than 3 fans REALLY wanted to "walk down Bad Street," as they stuck their head under the opening at the bottom of the stall and excitedly yelled to friends lurking outside, "It's him, it's him!" Suffice it to say, Michael was none too pleased. Little did he know the price he'd have to pay to be the lead singer of the "world's greatest rock and roll band!"

Another bizarre story involves "Dr. Death" Steve Williams. Missing a plane connection, a thirty-somethingish fan invites him to "sleep over his house with him and his mother." Sensing a possible Norman Bates/Psycho scenario, he rejects the touching offer. "I appreciate it, pal, but for all I know you could have an axe under the bed." All I can say is that it was truly one of those warm moments when barriers between fans and their heroes break down and we all get to relate to each other as human beings.

Probably the funniest thing I ever saw at a wrestling match, though, occured in N.Y.'s Sunnyside Gardens. During one show, a frightened 3 year old was announced from the ring as being "lost." "Would the mommy or daddy of this young fellow please come to the ring?" the announcer pleaded, holding the adorable little tyke in his arms. My buddy Wally, who had a few too many brews in him, staggered to the ring, extended his arms towards the child, and loudly and lovingly proclaimed, "SON!" The befuddled child, fully realizing the drunken teenager in no way, shape, or form even remotely resembled his daddy, clung to the ring announcer in sheer terror. Wally smirked all the way back to the seat, and we laughed so hard that tears poured down our cheeks. Guess there's some "geek" in me too!

Anyone out there with other "magic" memories of wildly eccentric mat maniacs are invited to send them in!

MY HOLLYWOOD HOT TUB WEEKEND WITH THE LANDERS SISTERS

aka Ecstasy in the Silicone Valleys

By Vic Stanley

While on yet another unsuccessful trek to the West Coast in pursuit of Magnificent Mimi, the woman whom I wish to make my wife, I found consolation in the arms of Audrey and Judy - the wonderful Landers sisters. These two blonde beauties are not only thoughtful and understanding women, but also huge wrestling fans. (A chauvinist would say 4 of the hugest, but I wouldn't) We met by chance on a street corner near Rodeo Drive. I had just gotten a haircut (witch hazel, bay rum, butch wax - the whole 9 yards) at a new styling salon called "Jose Eber Removes His Hat"-, and was absently perusing a map of the dead stars' homes while munching on a health food sandwich consisting of alfalfa sprouts, radiccio and a scoop of mashed yeast. I was trying to find out where Tor Johnson used to live when a flame red Mercedes screeched to a halt in front of me.

"Mimi, you've come back!" I screamed, dropping my sandwich on Henry Winkler's sidewalk star. But I soon realized that the driver and passenger were both blondes.

"Hi! We're were Audrey and Judy, the Landers sisters" chirped Audrey. "You look lost - not only physically, but spiritually. We're road agents for Jackie Stallone. She sent us to take you back to the GLOW TV tapings in Laguna Del Rey. Mimi will be there too. She wants to have a few words with you."

To make a long story short, let's just say that Mimi did not request my presence to accept my marriage proposal; rather to slap a restraining order on me to keep me at least 1 mile away from her at all times. In my grief, I accepted a gracious invitation back to the Landers sisters' condo for the weekend. Yes, they do everything together. Upon our arrival at their swank abode nestled high in the Hollywood Hills, Judy popped open a bottle of Dom Perignon while Audrey slipped into a scanty bikini and revved up the Jacuzzi. Once the bubbly was flowing, Audrey donned similar attire and we all relaxed in the warm churning water. I was a little concerned that the dye in my floral design boxer shorts would run, but it was pretty dark out, anyway.

While soaking contentedly, we chatted about wrestling and how the girls had tried out as a tag team for GLOW but were turned down for being too athletically inclined. After a few glasses of Dom Perignon and some friendly conversation, Judy said that she and Audrey had thought of a way to help ease my grief over being shunned by Mimi. With mischievous looks in her eyes, they slowly raised themselves out of the water and very seductively proceeded to.....

This story is completely factual (in my dreams)

Next time - An almost identical situation with the Del Rubio Triplets

Destroyer Grapples Jonathan Tonight

The Masked Destroyer takes on giant Don Leo Jonathan of Utah in tonight's 7 p.m., non-televised wrestling feature at the Olympic Auditorium. Former Stanford gridder, Don Manoukian, is paired with "Cowboy" Dick Hutton in the KTLA-TV main event. 3-7-c'-63

Other bouts: Freddie Blassie vs. Bob Raider; Bobby Duranton vs. Don Duffey Mr. Moto vs. Great Atlas.

WT&N'S UPCOMING INTERVIEWS:

BULLDOG BROWER
JOEL GOODHART
CHAMP THOMAS
WRITER DALE PIERCE

Jonathan, Blassie Vie

"Cowboy" Dick Hutton, a former world heavyweight wrestling titleholder, takes on Bobby Duranton of France in tomorrow night's 7 p.m., non-televised main event at the Olympic.

Freddie Blassie and Don Leo Jonathan team against Tex McKenzie and Enrique Torres in the TV feature.

Other bouts: "Prince" Curtis Iaukea vs. "Mexican Atlas" Vic Christy vs. Bob Jardine; Mr. Moto vs. Don Manoukian.

For Wrestling Then and Now By Dr. Mike Lano

Chris Cruise and I will be modifying my own 1-900 (Dr. Kay Fabe) Phone Line one better the month of September. We will have the ultimate line for the older fans and workers, and we even plan on offering $50 - $150 weekly prizes for the best news flash of the week. We hope to have as columnists Corny, Cactus(WCW may not let him), Gilbert, Dr. Mark Curtis, Joel Goodhart(he can plug away), Dennis Coraluzzo(he can too), maybe a point-counterpoint between those two on a monthly basis(I'd like to see them working together instead of apart), and the Reverand Mark from CWN fame. Sorry, Jersey Devil- we've got people who can read bettern' you.

THE ICW- EARLY 1980'S By: A. Nonymous

The ICW, headed by Angelo Poffo and sons (Lanny and Randy "Savage" Poffo) has long since become a distant memory, although one cannot help but wonder why and how the bulk of these men managed to stay in the grace of the business after their antics which included idiotic shoot challenges (bouts where participants fought for real), antitrust lawsuits, and an ultimate expose on the wrestling game, long before exposing the business became in style, in an effort to hurt arch-rival promoter, Jerry Jarrett. Yet when the Poffo group folded, the very same crew wound up working for their old enemies. While Mansfield, Wilson, and others were blackballed, those involved in the old ICW expose were forgiven or ignored, which again makes no sense. It might all things being considered, not have been a bad thing if this group could have survived rather than fold, as they did have some top talent. A look at these people and their antics then, as opposed to now, since some have gone on to become top stars, is worth a look at. Others have faded away.

JP SWERDIN: This fictitious promoter of the ICW was an inside joke standing for Judy Poffo (JP), Angelo Poffo's wife. Angelo, incidently was still in decent enough shape to wrestle and did a brief stint as The Miser, wearing a mask and this Dracula cape with $ signs all over it. The mysterious JP never appeared on any Kentucky or Tennessee shows, at least in visible sight of the fans.

RANDY SAVAGE: Reportedly he had some brushes with the law? Hardly fitting behavior for the ICW "World Champion," or as one critic put it, "The world champion of Kentucky...some world!" Still, this budding star showed a glimmer of hope for the future, which proved to be correct. His most torrid bouts were wiht his own brother, Lanny, and with Ronnie Garvin. He used to appear with a snake during interviews. Played a far more convincing maniac role here then in the WWF, where he has become tame.

GEORGE WEIGNEROFF: The extremely nearsighted son of Tennessee manager Gentleman Saul Weigneroff was a genuine nice guy, while his father was regarded by most as a real (expletitive) to get along with. A very good wrestler, very pleasant man, and entertaining to watch, though he could hardly see during the matches and groped around like a child in the dark. Considering the handicap, he knew his stuff and must be given even more credit then the general public ever realized. He and Lanny Poffo were once an effective tag team.

DONNA DAY: A brown-teethed chain smoker who cursed like a truckdriver, drank like a fish, and reportedly padded her bra; she was finally dropped from her feud with Debbie Combs and no longer used in this outfit. Her unflattering nickname was "Pig Face" behind the scene, something which she never objected to. Not a bad wrestler, but she never amounted to much, while the more heavily pushed Debbie Combs went on up in the ranks. Combs and Day did have some real barnburner bouts, but Day just couldn't keep her head on straight, made enemies, and didn't even outlast the ill-fated Poffo promotion. Reportedly went back to Nashville, worked a few shots for independents, married an ex-con and sold flowers on a streetcorner, where she was seen in the mid 1980's. Since then, who knows.

DEBBIE COMBS: Called "Hog Ass" behind the scenes (The Poffo group had evidently liked to nickname everyone). One of the most popular women wrestlers of all time in the south and certainly a top drawing card for the ICW, yet how she responded to fans and insiders alike depended on her mood. She was well known for kissing up to the fans, then colorfully mocking them in the dressing room, once they were out of earshot range. Particularly liked to laugh at the geeks who came hoping to pick up on her. She reportedly had an eye for Randy Savage, but whether or not anything became of it would be guessing. She had a tremendous submission move in which she'd suspend her opponent in mid-air.

DOUG VINES: A heel who looked like someone who sacrificed cats amd dogs prior to the bouts and ate the entrails. He was an accomplished musician who as "Floyd Vines," did the backup for Lanny Poffo's stupid Gusto Girl album (he was reading poetry to music, even before the WWF). Made a hairy, unorthodox tag team with Jeff Sword and a tubby, robe wearing soothsayer called Izzy Slawpowitz, who had a voice like Yogi Bear. I recall the commentary asking this manager once, "Do you think Ronnie Garvin will beat Doug Vines?" to which Slawpowitz dutifully responded "Duh, maybe he will and maybe he won't." He obviously didn't have the gift for gab, like Vines, who could be totally obnoxious on the air, yet was seemingly a decent person in real life.

CANDACE RUMMEL: The skinny, rabbit-like ring girl for the Poffo group, who was nicknamed Fang Face because of her prominent buck teeth. A Grey Lines tour employee, she developed a crush on Lanny Poffo and in true groupie fashion, did everything she could to worm her way into the group and was aptly used for whatever menial task fit. When she decided she would learn to wrestle, the ICW group decided enough was enough and she was sent packing. Back in Tennessee, she started for an Independent group for around $20 a night, working with likewise exiled Donna Day and was abhorrable. She even messed up a lockup and fell backwards in true klutz form. yet she always managed to be in the right place at the right time and was heavily pushed by awestruck photographers Joe Kennedy and the late Gene Gordon. Rummel, who had been taken advantage of constantly in the ICW days, learned to manipulate people herself and for a short time, made waves in the profession, becoming Candi Divine! It must have been poetic justice for her to outshine many ICW people who fell by the wayside as she climbed up.

LEAPING LANNY POFFO: An extremely series of uncanny and perverse stories exist about this man, which are known to those in the game and best left unsaid to those who do not. A quiet intellectual, almost "too smart" for wrestling, who probably entered it due to his father's previous stardom in the game. Horribly wasted in the WWF, he was a top draw in the ICW days and for a while their "World Champion." The aforementioned Candace Rummel created a fan club for him and published a silly sounding newsletter called The Leap. Detractors used to joke of how on interviews, he sounded like Adam West in Batman! Able to go as a hero or a villain, but always good in ICW days, he provided many fans with some great matches.

SOME RECOMMENDED BULLETINS (A.K.A. PLUG FRENZY!)

PRO WRESTLING MONTHLY
Peter & Greg Rufolo
568 Speedwell Ave.,
Morris Plains, NJ 07950
$2

THE RING POST
Francesco Castano
13135 Colton Lane
Gaithersburg, Md. 20878
$2

MAT MARKETPLACE
Sheldon Goldberg
PO Box 2371
Jamaica Plain, Mass. 02130
$2.50

WRESTLING CHATTERBOX
23-44 30 Drive
Astoria, NY 11102
G. Makropoloulos $2

PRO WRESTLING TORCH
Wade Keller
PO Box 201844
Minneapolis, MN. 55420
$5/4 issues

MATWATCH- S. Beverly
16 Robin Hood Lane
Jackson, TN. 38305
$6/5 issues

ARENA REPORT- R.Lemieux
PO BOX 952547
Lake Mary, FL. 32795-2547
$1

PRO WRESTLING SUSHI
Jeff Mullins
PO Box 36189
San Jose, Ca. 95158
$1.50

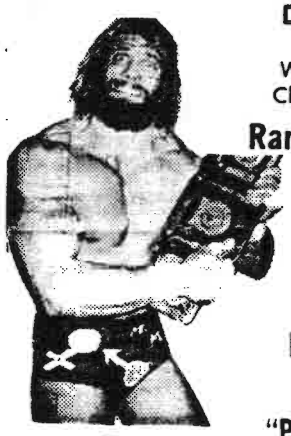
FANTASY FEDERATION
Jeff Cohen
50 Shelly Lane
Great Neck, NY 11023
3/$3

RONNIE GARVIN: Earned a reputation as a petty con man and a troublemaker in the south, a man you wouldn't trust to hold your wallet, as in these days, he wasn't nearly the big star he would later become. It's amazing too, after his hand in the Poffo lawsuits, exposes, and attempts to hurt the Jarrett office, he managed to stay in the good graces of the wrestling world after the ICW fell. Also regarded as a jerk who intentionally hurt a couple of the knock-off jobbers because he didn't like something they said or did in the ring. Praised as a fan favorite, but nicknamed "Barney Rubble" because of his voice and haircut, he was not that well liked by many of the lower-card wrestlers in ICW's heyday. He also seemed to be quite an egomaniac, a la Jerry Lawler down in Tennessee. Fancied himself to be a "shooter" when "sneak-shooter" (i.e. someone who hurts you, then tells you it's for real rather than warning you, "I'm ticked, defend yourself.") is more like it. When he wanted to though, he could give out tremendous bouts. One stingt where he came on tv, mocking Randy Savage with a home-made belt, bathrobe, rubber snake, and broomstraws in his hair, to simulate Poffo's long locks, remains one of the all-time hilarious moments in the history of wrestling and not just the ICW. The incident, used to promote a bloody streetfight bout with Savage, was a masterpiece.

BILL MARTIN: Does anyone know what became of this young, dark-haired kid? He was never on top, but popular with the female fans and seemed to have good direction in the ring, although green. He's one of the names and faces that must have fallen by the wayside, although he was a person I enjoyed seeing. He was amiable enough and seemed to relish the attention fans gave him.

CRUSHER BROOMFIELD: The original name and face for the man who would go on to become The One Man Gang and then, Akeem. Flaunted as the Andre the Giant type of the ICW, he was rather clumsy when he first started, but later developed into a first class villain. More of a gentle giant in real life, he did well to get away from the misused Crusher alias. His real name, I believe, was either George Gray or George Grace. His size seemed to make him a difficult man to work with as well.

RIP ROGERS: Made an NWA comeback a while ago. He did the prettyboy gimmick in the ICW and was later valeted by his girlfriend (wife?) Brenda Britton, a former go-go dancer. The two later took their act on the road, went to the NWA, stayed, disappeared, and recently, at least on Roger's part, returned to NWA action. Gossip was the Hustler was a clever man, but not that clever, as he forsook the teaching profession to work in the ICW. Gossip was he was a biology teacher, which meant he was a sharp cookie and nowhere near the gibbering idiot he portrayed on tv.



International Championship
WRESTLING
Cape Arena Bldg.
(AIR CONDITIONED)
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Friday, July 23-8:30 p.m.

DREAM MATCH
ICW
World Heavyweight
Championship Match
Randy Macho Man Savage
(CHAMPION)
vs.
Ox Baker
(CHALLENGER)

T.V. TITLE MATCH
Leaping Lanny
(CHAMPION)
vs.
"Pistol" Pez Whatley
(CHALLENGER)
T.V. Title is at stake for the first 15 minutes only

Angelo Poffo vs. Thunderbolt Patterson

Willie Monroe vs. El Bracero

Retamyus vs. Tony Falk

Ringside $6.00 **General Admission $5.00**
Children under 12 $3.00
Watch ICW Wrestling every Saturday night, 11:30 p.m. on WSIL-Ch. 3-Harrisburg, IL

Wrestler Pleads Innocent to Assault

DETROIT (AP)—Wrestler Dick the Bruiser pleaded innocent on an assault and battery charge yesterday following a barroom brawl involving Alex Karras, suspended Detroit Lions' football star who'll meet him in a wrestling match Saturday.

"The Bruiser," whose real name is Richard Afflis and who played pro football with the Green Bay Packers, demanded a jury trial in a preliminary arraignment before Recorder's Judge Joseph A. Gillis.

Karras Will Be Permitted To Wrestle

DETROIT (AP)—David Gudelsky, State Commissioner of Boxing and Wrestling, said yesterday that Detroit Lions' defensive tackle, Alex Karras, will be permitted to go ahead with a wrestling match here April 27 despite his suspension by the National Football League.

Gudelsky said the match with Dick "the Bruiser" had been scheduled two weeks ago "and it would be unfair to cancel it."

As for Karras' future as a wrestler, Gudelsky said, "I'll have a talk with Karras today and then I'll have a statement."

Bruiser" Wins Delay in Court

DETROIT (AP) — Richard (Dick, "the Bruiser)" Afflis was granted an adjournment of his assault and battery trial in recorder's court Monday after he claimed he needed time to recover from the "battering" he received in his wrestling victory over Alex Karras at Olympia Saturday night.

The case will be heard May 13. Afflis was arrested last Tuesday after he became involved in a brawl at a bar where Karras, suspended Detroit Lion football star, is a bartender.

Red Smith

'Cannonball Moon Chris'

Sports of The Times

Jimmy Londos was the professional wrestling champion of this wide, bewildered world in the days of the Great Depression, Prohibition, Repeal and the New Deal. News of his death in California the other day brought back a vivid image of his thickly muscled figure and olive oil face with gently sorrowing brown eyes. Face and figure were as familiar to Americans 40 years ago as the Blue Eagle of the National Recovery Act.

Chances are the golden Greek was neither the strongest nor the most skillful wrestler of his time, but he was the richest, esteemed by his peers as the best "worker" in the craft. In their business, one did not wrestle an opponent or even rassle him. You worked with him, and an accomplished worker like Londos could subject a man to tortures so fiendish that ringsiders' blood turned cold, without a trace of discomfort for the victim.

It was probably while working with Londos that the late Herman Hickman, the Tennessee Cannonball who later coached football at Yale, suffered his most embarrassing moment in the ring. Herman was on his ample stomach, screaming and pounding the mat with a fist, while behind him his adversary applied inhuman pressure with a toehold. For reasons of his own, the referee broke the hold and conducted the opponent across the ring but Herman still lay shrieking in mortal anguish until the hysterical laughter of the crowd told him his ordeal had ended.

"There was nobody like Chris," Herman used to say. "He could rip your arm from its socket and you'd never know he had laid a hand on you."

Man of the Theatre

Jimmy was baptized Christopher Theophelus and was known as Chris in the lodge or bund or syndicate that employed most of the top performers. They all had code names for purposes of communication within the brotherhood. Hickman, for example, was Cannonball.

On the morning of a Londos-Hickman championship in, say, Memphis, a telegram would arrive from syndicate headquarters in New York: "Cannonball Moon Chris." Instructions always arrived by Western Union, to be confirmed by Postal Telegraph. But the message would go: "Ok Cannonball Moon Chris."

It was not true, as some insisted, that these matches followed a prepared script in which every move had been rehearsed. These men were artists who improvised as they went along, tuning the tempo of the match to the temper of the crowd but making sure the climax would find Cannonball on his back looking at the moon as instructed, with Chris triumphant.

They were a gifted fraternity, bound by a mutual affection for show business but differing widely in temperament and ethnic roots. There were a few All-American Boys like Hickman, Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth and Jim McMillen, the Illinois guard who had led interference for Red Grange. Most of the Cowboys were big in Tennessee and hillbillies in Omaha.

The promotional pattern seldom varied. If Londos was defending his championship on one of the biweekly shows presented by Tim Packs in St. Louis, a newcomer would appear in a preliminary match. The new boy might be Pat O'Shocker, a fair-skinned redhead who was an accomplished bleeder. Pat would get a nosebleed in the opening scuffle but would struggle on undaunted to wind up in triumph bathed from head to foot in his own gore.

Quick as a Cucumber

After that sensational debut, Pat would be back to bleed on every card, moving up to oppose George Zaharias, one of the Dusek brothers, John Pesek and finally Dick Shikat, which would qualify him for a title shot with Londos.

As he always did, Londos would teeter on the brink of defeat for 30 minutes or so, harried and punished by his gory pursuer, then suddenly, swiftly, turn the tables and pluck victory from the jaws of slapstick. "Londos is on the mat!" a St. Louis sportscaster screamed one night. "He is writhing in pain, but quick as a cucumber he breaks the hold —."

In the very early 1930's, Jack Curley built up a match between Londos and Ray Steele to ballpark proportions. The principals even set up training camps in the mountains which the New York newspapers covered dutifully. One dispatch began: " 'Perhaps it is some atavistic instinct in me,' Jimmy Londos said today. 'I am not a cruel man, yet I love to hear an opponent's bones crack.' "

The match drew at least 40,000 to Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds—memory slips here—and it ended with Londos's discovery of the dreaded Unconscious Hold. After about 40 minutes on the edge of disaster he stooped over the fallen Steele, lifted Ray's left foot and clutched it to his bosom like a child cuddling her dolly. Medical sicence has never explained why, but on that occasion and many times later, this induced temporary paralysis.

"They can say what they like about how Jimmy couldn't beat one side of Strangler Lewis," said Ray Fabiani, the Philadelphia promoter, "but he's a pretty good wrestler. I watch him working in the gym, that's how I can tell."

The Top Wrestlers of 1952

CHIEF LITTLE WOLF (real name Benny Tenario)—Full-blooded Navajo, he developed the famed Indian deathlock grip from Navajos' death trap, where captives are held . . . Veteran of 15 years, he has fought for the world's title in every division from welter to heavyweight . . . Had his first pro match at 16—12 years ago—when a circus sideshow grappler challenged anyone in the house . . . The circus owner hired him to replace the pro.

CHIEF SAUNOOKE (OR SUNOOKE)—A tremendous 340-pounder from the Cherokee reservation in North Carolina . . . had a brother who was center-fielder for the Baltimore Orioles; another who pitched for Asheville (N.C.); a third who played football for Tusculum College . . . their sister starred in women's basketball . . . At Haskell Institute, The Chief was a gridiron star . . . mate of All-American John Levi in the twenties . . . Also won the Central AAU wrestling title . . . As a pro for 16 years, he boasts that no matman of over 300 pounds ever beat him.

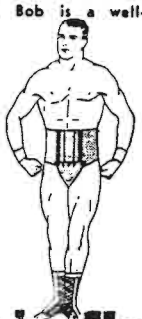
CHIEF SUNNI WAR CLOUD—A colorful Mission Indian from Oklahoma, discovered by the great Jim Thorpe while working on Hollywood movie sets . . . Compiled an impressive victory string with his Indian deathlock . . . Six-foot-two and 225-pounds, his non-tribal name is Sonny Chorre . . . Wears headdress and full regalia into the ring, and gives out with native war dance after each victory.

CHIEF THUNDERBIRD—Veteran of 19 years on mat . . . Was one of the first to wear colorful Indian headdress into the ring . . . Has made several European tours.

VIC CHRISTY—A rugged Californian, called The Boy Wonder when he won the Pacific Coast championship as a 21-year old . . . Stands six-foot-two and scales 230 pounds.

MIKE CLANCY—A stocky Boston Irishman, sometimes called "Lower The Boom Clancy" for his spectacular Irish Whip . . . Has also been billed as "The Mighty Titan" . . . Splits his wrestling with pro football operations with Boston Shamrocks . . . Served with Coast Guard during the war . . . He is 30, dark-haired and blue-eyed.

BOB CLAY—A 200-pounder who's been in the game only a year or two . . . From the Oklahoma cow country, Bob is a well-known rodeo performer.



Destroyer Accepts Bobo's Challenge

The Destroyer has accepted a challenge by world champion Bobo Brazil.

Usually, wrestlers go around challenging the champion.

But, in this case, Brazil is intent on becoming the first man to break The Destroyer's famous Figure-4 Leg Lock.

For years, The Destroyer has been offering $1000 to the man that can do it. He's had plenty of challengers, but no one has been able to make a dent in breaking the vice-like hold.

Says Brazil:

"There isn't a hold in the world that can't be broken . . by the right man.

"I'm confident that I'm the one who can break The Destroyer's Figure-4 Leg Lock."

A number of fans have been requesting a scientific match that really means something.

Indeed, they will get it on July 5 when world champion Bobo Brazil and The Destroyer come to grips.

The Listening-Post

THE LISTENING POST
BY: EVAN GINZBURG

Before Gary Fishman and myself had access to a car, we'd go through Hell to get to a wrestling match. No effort was too crazy for us. When Brody fought Abdullah in a tiny ice rink near the Jersey shore, we took a bus to a subway to another bus to a cab. The trip took nearly 3 hours each way, the match lasted all of 10 minutes, and what was even more bizarre, was that the it was TRULY worth it. Gary calls it "the best ten minutes of his life."

Back when the NWA was selling out Philly with Flair, Wyndham, Nikita, Magnum, Tully, Arn, SuperStar Graham, Ron Garvin, Ivan Koloff & Khruser Krushev, The Rock & Roll Express & The Midnight Express, EVERY card was great. The juice would flow, titles would change, everybody would jump everybody, and Flair would go his half hour. It was wrestling nirvana. Travelling wasn't such a joy, though. It was a bus to a subway, to the Amtrak. Each way. We'd get out at New York's notorious Port Authority at 3:30 AM and literally tip-toe over the bodies of countless homeless in a scene reminiscent of the carnage in Gone With The Wind. One time we ran past two bloodied, brawling bums. It was not pleasant, nor was the desolate, sometimes frightening subway ride home.

But believe it or not, it was all WORTH IT...

Today, it's an effort for me to WALK into the livingroom & turn on the tv to watch wrestling. Usually I treat it like radio; I'll clean, write, do odds and ends while it plays in the background. It's my MUSAK. Travel? If the WWF was literally across the street I wouldn't bother. With the exception of Joel Goodhart's indie spectaculars, the idea of "knocking myself out" to get to a card is a longshot at best.

Yet I miss it. I miss it all- the excited predictions we'd make before the show and reliving the magic on our long trips home. The bad food. The sometimes strange, always colorful wrestling hardcores we'd meet. It was fun. It was a ritual. It was something that made life just a little bit more exciting.

That it's for the most part a thing of the past makes me very sad indeed...

ADAM HOROWITZ'S COLUMN

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Adam Horowitz is the former editor of Between The Ropes, and long-time "rival" of WT&N columnist Gary Fishman)

Our loyal correspondent, Gary Fishman, appears to have disappeared from the newsletter scene just as quickly as he was thrown out of his apartment. It's really a shame what has happened to poor Gary. I remember meeting his high school sweetheart. She told me that she felt Gary could become anything he wanted. For example, she told me that he revealed his inner desires to her, such as cleaning the streets of Brooklyn, shining Ernie Ladd's boots before Madison Square Garden events, and putting together the first ever Johnny Rodz highlight tape.

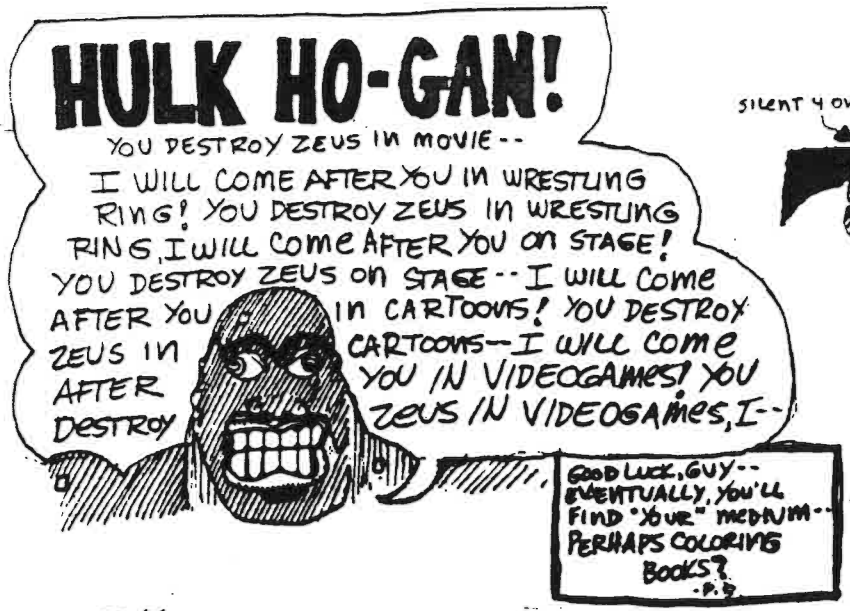
Well, that's enough about Gary. let's talk about the editor. I recently consulted my lawyer about suing Evan for false advertising. He puts out a newsletter titled Wrestling Then & Now. I've been receiving the bulletin since issue #1. In this year and a half, I've yet to see a story about a match that took place after 1975. Perhaps, Evan should change the title to Wrestling Then.

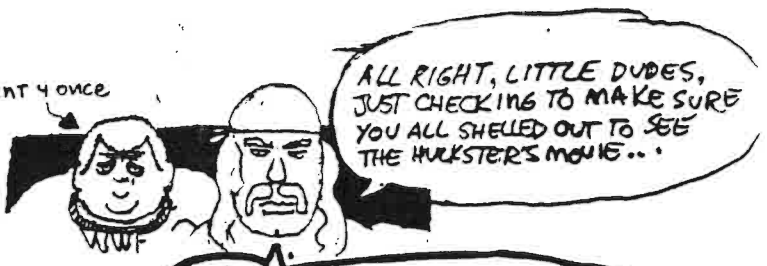
I had a few wrestling friends over for dinner the other night. We were reminiscing about our earliest wrestling memories. Comments overheard were, "Remember when the NWA belt meant something?" "Remember being excited over the next WWF show at the Garden?" and "Remember when there was some correlation between ability and the push a wrestler receives?"

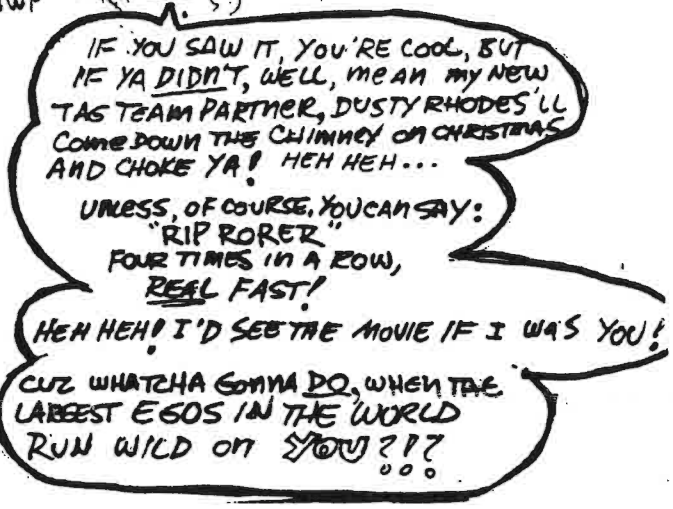
CURFEW

Hey gang. What's up? While I'm waiting for a collective answer, let me start off by saying how great it was meeting so many loyal WT&N readers at John Arezzi's tremendous convention in late August. Met way to many to start rattling off names, but it REALLY was a pleasure. Particularly enjoyed sharing a table with Mr. & Mrs. David Skolnick and Paul Macarthur of the always interesting Wrestling Perspective. Highlights of the convention included an exciting bidding war for Ric Flair's robe which was eventually auctioned off for $3,000! Jim Cornette provided laughs throughout the weekend and is a great guy. Also nice meeting the friendly Rockin' Robin and Ox Baker who submitted an anti-drug comic for a future WT&N featuring none other than the master of the heartpunch himself! Meanwhile you can hear John's tremendous Spotlight on Wrestling- Sunday morns in NY on 1240 AM from 10 AM-Noon...Next Issue: Mike Lano has a brief but colorful interview with Dick "The Bulldog" Brower. Also an inside look at the AWA of the 70's & early 80's. If that's not enough, Issue 22 also features the prolific Vic Stanley's fiction and many other features that will make you misty-eyed & nostalgic...Danny Bagliore of 2722 E. 26th St. Bklyn, NY 11235 is interested in obtaining fairly priced videos of wrestling from the early 80's, particularly the WWF. All readers are always encouraged to send nostalgia clippings, articles, letters, and anything else you feel would be of interest...Serious live jams: keyboard master Bernie Worell of Parliament- Funkadelic and Talking Heads fame, Boozoo Chavis (king of zydecko) with Johnny Johnson (Chuck Berry's piano player on all the million sellers), also Sun Rhythm Section with Billy Lee Riley and the great Bobby Blue Bland. Wish I had the guts to put a music column in this thing, because music sure means a helluva lot more to me than '91 wrestling (except for Cactus, Abdullah, Ric, and a few others of course!!!)...Special thanks to Dr. Mike for his great 40's covers the past few issues which come from his vast library. Dr. Mike is one of several people who have been ABSOLUTELY VITAL to the success of this publication and they all have my eternal gratitude (jeez, sort of sounds like I'm accepting an Oscar or something! Anyway, I mean it!)...Also thanks to Steve Yohe and everyone else who's forwarded material...Anybody out there watch Cops? Intense show, but makes every city it covers look SCARY AS HELL! Each episode must set back tourism something awful!...Evan's strange but true wrestling stories: two brothers are "play-wrestling"- one guy yells "Juice me!" The brother takes a razor blade and rips it across his forehead drawing blood. I kid thee not!... Somebody somewhere (Stephen Myerson in Sushi I believe) said he was getting 20 plus hours of rasslin' a week on tv. Assuming 18 or 19 hours of that STINKS TO HIGH HEAVEN, it's no wonder people don't go out to the arenas anymore. Speaking of Jeff Mullins' Sushi, check it out! Great sheet...My goal is for this to be a true alternative to the news sheets with mucho reader participation...It was a pleasure appearing on WBAU's Main Event Radio show (Saturdays 1-3 on 90.3 FM in NY). Got to speak on the phone with Ox Baker, Bobo Brazil and one of my all-time faves, Ivan Koloff. We basically talked about the old days for 2 hours. A blast...Jeff Osborne has put out Video (!) Cassette Wrestling News at $12.50 from 3420 New Harmony Rd., Evansville, IN 47720 featuring a battle to the death between him and crazy John Seaton and vintage bootleg rasslin' footage...I was recently flipping through about 70 channels on cable and discovered absolutely NOTHING worth watching, including WCW. My buddy, who WAS a big fan in the Bruno & Graham eras, turned to me during a PN News match and said "What is this stuff? Does anybody really take this seriously?" As they say in Marvel comics "Nuff Said!"...If Vince McMahon claims he doesn't push people because of size, how come The Warlord's a big star and the guy has the charisma of an eggplant?...All 20 back issues of WT&N (almost 200 pages of memories) only $17!... Recently at a jazz show my friend-Howard Roth asked me, "Doesn't the piano player (Kirk Lightsey) look just like Sonny King?" Guess you can take the wrestling fan out of the arena BUT!...The concert was 8/3, the same night as Goodhart's Tri-State card. However I had an infection and had been on antibiotics for weeks and just didn't have the energy to make it to Philly. In the middle of the concert I told my buddy "This is good, but it's not Cactus Jack & Eddie Gilbert!" Only a fellow hardcore would understand!...Ron Dobratz has a large supply of his Oct-Nov. 1972 Illustrated Wrestling Digest. He will sell them for $1 to anyone who also purchases his tremendous 1973 Record Book/Photo Album for $2. HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION from yours truly. Write to Ron at 11750 Graystone Circle Roscoe, IL. 61073. Ron continues his great "History Of Chicago Wrestling" approximately every third month in WT&N. Upcoming: Chi. 1981...Keep in mind that I'm usually a month or so ahead with the sheet, so if you plan on submitting anything, please don't be insulted if it doesn't hit print for a while. Also with 53 sheets on the market, I simply can't plug everyone every month as this would read like a 10 page advertisement. Fellow editors, please understand!...I'm going to do a "When Wrestling Meets Reality" piece on my recent California trip. Some of it was pretty interesting...Catch you all real soon....

HULK HO-GAN!


YOU DESTROY ZEUS IN MOVIE--
I WILL COME AFTER YOU IN WRESTLING RING! YOU DESTROY ZEUS IN WRESTLING RING, I WILL COME AFTER YOU ON STAGE! YOU DESTROY ZEUS ON STAGE--I WILL COME AFTER YOU IN CARTOONS! YOU DESTROY ZEUS IN CARTOONS--I WILL COME AFTER YOU IN VIDEOGAMES! YOU DESTROY ZEUS IN VIDEOGAMES, I--
GOOD LUCK, GUY-- EVENTUALLY, YOU'LL FIND "YOUR" MEDIUM-- PERHAPS COLORING BOOKS? -P.B.

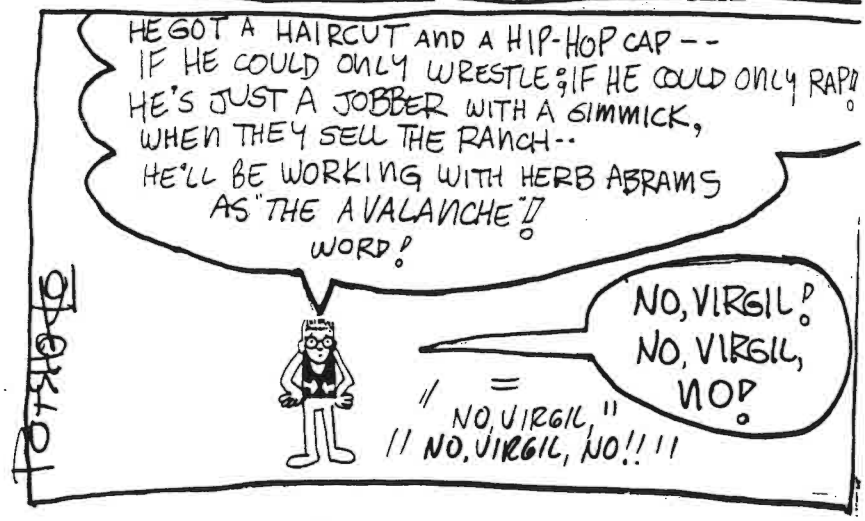


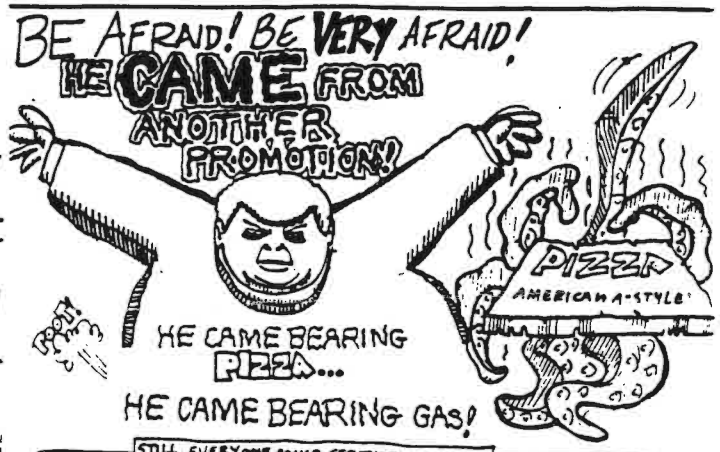

IF YOU SAW IT, YOU'RE COOL, BUT IF YA DIDN'T, WELL, MEAN MY NEW TAG TEAM PARTNER, DUSTY RHODES'LL COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY ON CHRISTMAS AND CHOKE YA! HEH HEH...
UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU CAN SAY: "RIP RORER" FOUR TIMES IN A ROW, REAL FAST!
HEH HEH! I'D SEE THE MOVIE IF I WAS YOU!
CUZ WHATCHA GONNA DO, WHEN THE LARGEST EGOS IN THE WORLD RUN WILD ON YOU?!?

POTSHOTS THEN AND NOW

by Bill Kunkel

IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE-- RUNNIN' THROUGH MY BRAIN! I SEE HIM ONE MORE TIME I'M GONNA GO INSANE!
WORD!
NO, VIRGIL! NO, VIRGIL, NO!
I SAID: NO, VIRGIL! NO, VIRGIL, NO!


HE GOT A HAIRCUT AND A HIP-HOP CAP-- IF HE COULD ONLY WRESTLE; IF HE COULD ONLY RAP! HE'S JUST A JOBBER WITH A GIMMICK, WHEN THEY SELL THE RANCH-- HE'LL BE WORKING WITH HERB ABRAMS AS "THE AVALANCHE"! WORD!
NO, VIRGIL! NO, VIRGIL, NO!
// = "NO, VIRGIL," // NO, VIRGIL, NO!!!
Rothstein



STILL, EVERYONE COULD SEE THAT HE WAS--

"NOT OF THIS PROMOTION!"

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STARRING **VIRGIL RUNNELS** AS THE SON OF PLUM-MAH FROM THE PLANET FLAH-REEDAH, A BLOATED, LARD-ENCRUSTED WARRIOR FROM ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE--TRAPPED IN A WORLD HE DID NOT MAKE--

AND NOW YOU'RE TRAPPED WITH HIM!

KEEP TELLING YOURSELF: "IT'S ONLY THE WWF... IT'S ONLY THE WWF..."